

## ilysfm (i love u so fucking much)

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## ilysfm (i love u so fucking much)

by [zephyrus](#)

### Summary

In all honesty, Dream hadn't even noticed that George swore so much.

(or, Five times George swore like hell, and the one time Dream reciprocated.)

### Notes

hihi im back i hope u enjoy xx

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

In all honesty, Dream hadn't even noticed that George swore so much, until he'd dragged him into YouTube, made attempts to record a video with him, got halfway through editing it and then realised just how much of George's sentences had to be cut out.

The time in the corner of his screen reads something ungodly he doesn't even want to think about, so he switches it over from EST to GMT, truly unbothered to do some simple addition, and decides that if, at one in the afternoon, George isn't awake yet, he soon will be.

"Dream? What's wrong?" George answers, his voice thick with remnants of sleep still clinging to him. Dream, as he's well accustomed to, tamps down any soft feelings he gets at that because it doesn't take a lot to imagine what George looks like right now, his hair in complete and utter

disarray, his eyes half-closed, probably shirtless - considering it's summer and his apartment doesn't have A/C. It doesn't take a lot of imagination, because George will pick up his calls with video on sometimes, even if Dream doesn't have his on, or if he covers his camera. And if, Dream has realised that George is more likely to just haphazardly poke at his phone when he's just woken up and slightly disoriented, thus more likely to have his video on... that's his business.

Today, George is marginally more coordinated than usual and only has audio on.

"You."

Dream, however, is marginally less coordinated than usual. In his defence, it's fuck-knows o'clock and he's been editing his friend's swears out for the entire day on a shitty laptop and he's barely got eight minutes of actual video, despite them recording for over two hours.

George makes a disgruntled and confused noise, "The fuck? Dream what- what fucking time is it- fucking go to bed?"

"Problem," Dream gets out through a yawn. The sun is rising over the horizon, but he said he'd give YouTube his all and here he is.

"That is why you woke me up, yeah?"

"It's like midday you should already be awake," Dream knows he's veering a little into pissy and irritated, he's frustrated and tired and George is no fucking help.

"Are you sure you're gonna be the one to lecture me on good sleeping habits," George says, teasing a little.

"Fuck off," Dream grumbles.

"Dream."

The *go the fuck to sleep you absolute fucking moron* is left unsaid, but Dream gets the gist fairly well.

"Yeah," he replies, saving the file, even though he'll probably refilm tomorrow. He makes the great move of two steps from his desk to his bed and collapses into the tangle of blankets atop his bed.

"Call me when you wake up, ok? We'll fix it," George says, his sleep-rough voice going back to his regular register.

Dream grunts out what he hopes is an acceptable answer.

It's almost 10 in the evening in England when George gets another call from Dream. He pretends his heart doesn't jack up in speed when he sees the caller ID and does his very best to convince himself that Dream is only calling to fix some sort of problem (that he may or may not have caused? Although, George is more than used to his nonsense calls late at night.). Dream probably only wants him to fix a bug or something.

"Hey there, sleeping beauty," George greets.

"The problem," Dream says, launching straight into it, despite the way it's painfully clear he's just

woken up - he's speaking a little slower, blending his words ever so slightly more than usual, "is you. And the way you talk."

George, as he often is with Dream, is rendered mildly speechless, "What... what the fuck are you on about, Dream?"

"That!"

"Do you... want me to fucking call you Clay or something?" George asks, hesitantly, he wouldn't be overly opposed to it, but it would be a learning curve.

George can sense the shudder that goes through Dream, and makes the correct assumption that he'd guessed wrong.

"I... ok, no, Dream, give me a single fucking ounce of context or something."

George can hear Dream sigh out his frustrations down the line.

"Your language—"

"Same as yours."

"You obtuse fuck! I mean, the swearing, George you gotta like, tone it down or something," Dream says, finally. He scrolls through the timeline of the video on FinalCut, they're definitely going to have to record again.

"I did?"

"George."

"I tried?"

"George!"

Dream, very correctly, assumes that George is rolling his eyes, probably making faces at his cat, and, fuck, Dream can't even see him and the stupid warm, comfortable, tender feeling rushes through his chest, ready to burst out and spill everywhere.

—

Dream watches George stumble through saying *I love you* on stream to him.

"Hey," Dream says, when George picks up his call, "you—"

"Fuck you," George says, short and clipped and Dream knows he's not even that angry, because if he were angry he wouldn't even bother to pick up the call. The anger is sheer and translucent over his hurt. Guilt floods through Dream, starting in the centre of his chest and reaches to the tips of his fingers, leaving him cold and nauseous.

George hangs up before Dream can even explain himself, and his Discord status turns offline.

Later, before Dream goes to sleep and after he spends an hour deliberating with various Snapchat filters and poses, he sends the link to his private Instagram. *Sorry, I love you too.*

When he wakes up, there's no new follow requests, but there's a message from George, sent barely minutes after Dream sent his: *im not gna fkn guilt u into showing me ur face. idfc what u look liek*

*if u dont wan t me to. just dnt pull that shit agani its' fuckisnj shitty.*

He'd clearly sent it either drunk or exhausted, and Dream's not entirely sure what's worse.

His Discord still shows him as offline, but when he goes into one of their servers, he sees George reacting to memes Sapnap sent, so he replies to the DM: *It's not guilt. I want you to know.*

It's three minutes (not that he's counting) until he gets a follow request from what he can safely assume is George's private account, and five minutes after that until he gets a call from George.

"Thank you. For trusting me 'n shit," he's quiet, and his voice is rough for late evening (if Dream does his maths right). He knows that he pretty much lives alone, and if he's kept his status offline all day he's probably not been in any calls. The implication that he's the first person he's spoken to all day sets... something off somewhere in his chest cavity where he can't decide if it's his lungs or heart or both.

"Yeah, I'm— I'm sorry," Dream apologises again, fiddling with his bedsheets. It's a little past noon, he should get up and out of bed, eat, shower, call his mom. On the other end of the line, George stumbles over the start of his sentence, presumably almost instinctively going to say 'It's okay'.

"I know," he says, instead, because he does know, because a grand total of 78 people follow Dream's private, probably mostly people from his high school, or people he played sports with, one of them is probably Sapnap, some of his family, too, "and I do love you, really, not just because... you know."

"I love you too."

—

"I— George, are you drunk!?" Dream asks, incredulously, mostly for the stream - he's seen him drunk out of his mind, back when George was in uni he'd call him completely wasted far too often.

"No," George says, petulant, Dream can imagine him pouting a little.

Dream laughs at him, evades questions of when he's going to bed, until George leaves the TeamSpeak and he follows him soon after into a private call with him.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm not fucking drunk," George replies, garbled by a yawn.

"Tired?" Dream asks, fondness seeping through so quickly and quietly he can't stop it.

George just hums in response, which Dream assumes is the closest to a coherent answer he'll get at this point.

"Considered going to bed?"

"Nah..."

They're quiet for a second, Dream can hear George's breathing, and if he closes his eyes he can imagine they're together, barely a foot apart, just about to go to sleep. The thought of it is so painfully domestic, Dream's overtaken with such a strong feeling of yearning he just can't.

"Dream? You still there?" George asks, and it's taking a considerable amount of effort to not confess his love for him then and there. He'd stay on the line for him as long as human life would

allow.

“Yeah.”

“I fucking love you,” George says, sincerely and clearly, and only a little slower than he usually talks, “like, fuck, Dream, you’re like, one of the best fucking people I know.”

“I love you too,” Dream says, affectionate and so fucking soft he could have said absolutely anything and it would still mean *I love you*, “go to sleep, George.”

“Yeah, yeah,” George mumbles, “stay on call?”

“Of course.” Dream listens to sheets rustling and George shifting around.

“G’night,” George says, quietly, intimately.

“Sleep well,” Dream replies, staying on the call long past George falling asleep.

—

“He’s fucking gone, Dream, he’s just. Gone. Like that. Like it’s fucking nothing. Like he never even fucking existed in the first place and he’s—” George breaks off, muffling his cries into a pillow. He grips the collar engraved with *Luca* tighter, the steel digs into his palms but he doesn’t care. He lives alone, and without his cat, as fucking pathetic as it is, he’s truly alone.

And because of COVID, and because of London travel restrictions, he can’t go back home to his parents and his siblings - and even if he did he wouldn’t be able to do his job properly, and for the first time in, well, in twenty-three years, he’s alone.

He’d had roommates in uni, and gotten Luca just after he’d graduated and moved into his London apartment, he’s never, really, lived alone. His apartment is too fucking quiet now.

Dream had told him, after crying to him on the phone, trying to regain some composure, that George could do the exact same to him if he ever needed to. George remembers teasing him, lightly and gently, that he’d never need too, he’d only had about three big crises in his life, and didn’t plan on having any more. And he especially didn’t plan on unloading all his problems onto a guy three years younger who was also blowing up like crazy on YouTube.

So he deletes the voicemail.

Later, after his stream, Dream texts him: *Luca died?? You ok dude? I’m here if u wanna talk or smth. Ily.*

He leaves it, the red badge against the Discord logo haunts him for four hours until he replies when he’s fairly sure he’s gone to bed. *im ok. ilyt.*

—

“Fuck, wait really?” George is almost breathless by the time Dream finishes his sentence, grinning wide enough that he’s certain his face is going to split into two.

“Yeah, wait, let me,” Dream sends a screenshot of a news site, headline declaring the international travel ban lifted - the subheading debates if it’s a responsible decision by the administration.

The first thing George thinks when he sees Dream standing by Gate H at Orlando International Airport is *fuck, he's prettier in real life*, followed closely by *he's also fucking tall*, and concluded with *I really really want to hug him*.

"Hi," George greets, looking up at Dream, taking in his, well, everything, "you're really fucking pretty," he says, because apparently, when faced with a pretty man after 11 hours of travelling on no sleep degrades his mind to nothing but scrambled eggs.

Dream grins, smiles so fondly the love and affection spilling out of him and into the air, surrounding them wholly and entirely, "You're really fucking pretty too."

Dream has no real excuse, aside from the fact that George's shitty cameras absolutely do not do him justice.

George blushes a little, although it's very likely that it's just Florida humidity compounded with his incredible choice to wear a hoodie, and before any awkwardness can set in, he launches himself into Dream's arms, reaching up to wind his arms around his neck, letting Dream wrap his securely around his waist. He never fucking wants to let go.

"I- fuck- I'm fucking terrible at this," George stumbles and stutters. He's curled up on Dream's couch, facing him. The credits of the movie they were watching scrolls through on the TV, softly illuminating the room. "I, fuck, I like you, like, a lot. In- in a fucking gay way."

Dream reaches out to cradle George's face, his thumb strokes over his cheekbones, he leans into the touch, letting his eyes slide shut and Dream comes closer, hesitant until George makes the final move, careful and deliberate.

His lips are warm and soft against him, moving slowly and gently at first, like he's dealing with something precious and precarious, on the edge of a cliff. He gets confident quickly, becoming more insistent, receiving just as much back from Dream in return. His hand moves back from George's face into his hair and the other lands on his waist, gripping tightly. His hand is big and warm through George's cotton t-shirt.

Dream runs his tongue against the seam of George's lips, asking. George opens his mouth in answer, letting him take as much as he wants.

The discomfort of the angle becomes apparent in the ghost of a crick in George's neck, so he shifts far smoother than he's ever done before, from the couch to straddling Dream's lap.

"This okay?"

He's the same height as him like this, Dream's breathless, slightly dazed, and his lips are swollen and slick with spit.

"Yes, very," Dream nods, like an afterthought.

"Okay," George says, smiling, leaning back in.

George is a fucking picture against his bedsheets, littered with bruises, glistening with sweat,

flushed and wanting. The only coherent words that leave his mouth are *fuck*, and *Dream*, punctuated by moans and sighs and Dream would never listen to another song again if he got to hear this again.

“Th’ fuck you looking at?” George asks, eyes half-lidded, lethargic and slightly out of it. Dream has no shame in the amount of pride he has from the knowledge that George looks like he’s floating through outer space because of *him*.

Dream reaches out to brush a piece of hair off his forehead, not for any reason past he could. “You.”

George mumbles something Dream doesn’t entirely catch, but he got *fucking* and *cheesy* and maybe *love*, so he thinks he gets the gist.

“I love you too, so fucking much.”

## End Notes

thank you for reading! have a nice day <3

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